Vix-ero dum Vixero.

1603

# THE CHRISTIAN NAVY.

VVherein is playnely deſcribed the perfit *courſe to ſayle to the Hauen of* eternall happineſſe.

*VVritten by Anthony Nixon.*

Ibi res humanæ nunquam proſpere' ſuccedunt, vbi negliguntur diuinæ.

Samuell Zanchie

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in Hoſier lane, neere Smithfield.

1602.

To the Right Honourable and moſt reuerend Father in God, Iohn Whitegift, Archbishop of Canterburie, Primate and Metropolitane of all England, and one of her Maieſties moſt Honourable priuie Counſell.

*THe ſtately Eagle in his princely grace,*
*Permits the Flye to buzze before his face,*
*Yet will not meane one feather of his wing,*
*His weake diſturber vnder foote to bring.*
*Euen ſo I hope, this worke of willing mind*
*Such* Gracious *ſuffrance in your ſight ſhall find.*

*The lowly ſhrub doth ſeldome blaſt, or fade,*
*Vnder the* Cædars *loftie verdant ſhade:*
*The Sunne giues life as well to ſimple weedes,*
*As vnto flowres, or profitable ſeedes:*
*So may theſe lines begot by true affection,*
*Spring to more height, grac'd with your ſafe protection.*

Your Graces in all dutifull obſeruance,
*Anthony Nixon.*

# Libellus ad Lectorem.

*NIl moror aut laudes, leuis aut conuitia vulgi.*
*Pulchrum eſt vel doctis, vel placuiſſe piis.*
*Spe quoq; maius erit mihi ſi cõtingat vtrũq;:*
*cui Chriſtus ſapit, huic ſi placeo, bene habet.*
*Magnificas Domini ſonitat mea linea laudes,*
*multorum lugens crimina multa virùm.*
*Fronte legas hilari, Lector, mecumq; precare*
*cœleſti fauſtus detur in arce locus.*

A. N.

# THE CHRISTIAN NAVY.

HE that amidſt the raging Ocean Seas,
With ſayling Barke doth ſeeke the happy Port,
No leyſure hath to giue himſelfe to eaſe,
Nor reſpite, for due-ſeaſon-loſing ſport;
Each time-delaying calme doth him diſpleaſe,
In nothing ioyes, in nothing pleaſure finds,
Saue in the blaſts of proſperous happie winds.

His careſull braine is buſied euermore,
In viewing well his compaſſe and his card,
And minding ſtill what dangers lye before,
What ſwelling ſands, what rocks, what Hauens bard;
With skilfull head he ſeekes the ſafeſt ſhore,
Bringing his Barke, through ſtormes and tempeſts great,
To happie Port, and long deſired ſeate.

The vnskilfull head, and wretchleſſe idle mind,
Contrariwiſe doth giue himſelfe to reſt,
Not fearing ſtormes, nor boyſtrous blaſts of wind,
But in the midſt of dangers ſearceth leaſt,
And thinks the Hauen happily to find.
Thus guided ill, his ſhip on rocks doth fall,
And caſts away both fraight and ſoole, and all.

Euen ſo the will and fancy of vayne man,
That through this world his painefull paſſage makes,
Who ought to ſeeke by all the meanes he can,
Through dangers great, and lotheſome lowring lakes,
That happy Port, for which his courſe began,
In thouſand harmes and thouſand dangers preſt,
Doth giue himſelfe to careleſſe eaſe and reſt.

Regarding not the hazzard of himſelfe,
Nor taking heed his fleſhly foyſt to guide,
Full fraught with ſinne, and care of worldly pelfe,
Makes no account of weather, winde, or tyde,
But blindly ſtrikes himſelfe on euery ſhelfe,
Till on the rockes he deſperately doth light,
And loſeth all, for want of guyding right.

Within the ſeas of fond affection blinde,
That through the world in euery place doth flow,
Sayles euery wight that liueth here by kinde,
And runnes the race that *Fancy* forth doth blow,
And keepes the courſe that beſt doth pleaſe his minde:
But of ten thouſand that thus brauely fleete,
Scarce ten at length doe with the Hauen meete.

The Hauen fayre I meane of perfit ioy,
Where chiefeſt pleaſure hath her biding place,
Where ioy ſurmounts, where griefs cannot annoy,
Where liues the King of euerlaſting grace,
That well rewards the mind that's well imployd,
And doth condemne to euerlaſting payne,
All thoſe that him forſake for pleaſures vayne.

The ſeas be rough, the paſſage full of payne,
The dangers great, the iourney large and long,
The Pilots ill, the coaſt is nothing playne,
The force but weake, the enemies ſtowt and ſtrong,
The lets a number that doe vs detayne:
The Strayts of *Marrock* are not halfe ſo ill,
Nor race of *Britayne*, nor *Charibd*, nor *Scyll*.

Wherefore in vayne we ſtriue without a guide,
To paſſe theſe ſeas, where thouſand dangers bee,
With rockes and ſhelues beſet on euery ſide,
Where nought but death the fearefull eye can ſee;
Now forc't with windes, now driuen back with tyde,
Amaz'd with miſts, and wandring without light,
Except we finde the helpe of holy Sprite:

Which Sprite that in our iourney we may haue,
With humble heart and earneſt prayer made,
With knees bow'd downe, his ayde here let vs craue,
That he vouchſafe to teach vs the playne trade
Of ſayling right, and vs from danger ſaue:
With ſtedfaſt faith to him thus let vs pray,
That he may guide vs through this doubtfull way.

Oh ſacred Sprite, that all things well dooſt guide,
And bring'ſt eche good thought to his good deſire,
And ſuffreſt not an errour to abide,
Whereas it likes thy grace for to inſpire,
That dooſt for euery humble heart prouide,
Powre downe thy grace, direct my feeble hand,
That I may ſhew where perfit bliſſe doth ſtand.

By thee we may be ſure the way to find,
That leadeth ſtraight to perfit ioy, and bliſſe:
By thee we ſhun the rocks, and dangers blind,
That make vs oft the *Hauen* faire to miſſe:
Thou onely art the ſtarre that guid'ſt the mind;
Then giue thy light, caſt down thy beames from hie,
That I may ſhew which way the courſe doth lie.

The wretched Seas of worldly pleaſures vayne,
The miſchiefes, and the harmes that come thereby,
The flattering ſhowes, that trouble moſt the brayne,
The noyſome luſts, and fancies there that lie,
That cauſers are of euerlaſting payne,
I will declare, and which way we ſhould runne,
What courſe to keep, what dangers we ſhould ſhun.

Within theſe Seas, when firſt we enter in,
When firſt to wind our ſayles committed be,
When pleaſantly on calmed ſtreames we ſwimme,
A mightie rocke we ſtraight at hand may ſee,
All maſſie gold, all deckt and garniſht trimme:
The compaſſe great with corners out doth lye,
The height whereof doth reach the ſtarrie skye.

A ſtately rocke beſet with *Diamonds* fayre,
And powldred round about with *Rubies* red,
Where *Emeralds* greene do gliſter in the ayre,
With mantle blue of *Saphyres* ouerſpred,
Where wants no ſtone that *Nature* can repayre:
Another heauen for the time it ſeemes,
And oft for heauen fooliſh man it deemes.

With

With ſwelling ſands it lyes encompaſt round,
And many a ragged reach it ſendeth out,
Whereby a thouſand thouſands haue bin drown'd,
Yet neuer ceaſe they for to ſayle about,
In gazing ſtill vpon this gorgeous ground,
Till on the ſands with haſty courſe they ſlide,
And loſe themſelues vpon this piere of pride.

No danger greater ſhalt thou lightly find,
That more miſhap, or miſchiefe more doth make,
Then this, that plucks away eche mortall minde,
And cauſeth him contrary courſe to take:
Who forward bent with fooliſh pride-puft winde,
Forſakes the way, till keele on ſands he knocke,
And daſheth all aſunder on this rocke.

A wretched rocke, that mounting to the skye,
(Contenting not himſelfe with earthly ſpoyle)
Once ouerthrew the Angels ſitting hye,
And caſt them head-long from their happy ſoyle,
To darkeſt place, where wayling now they lye;
The chiefe Eſtates and Princes here below
Haue right good cauſe this dangerous place to (know.

The raging waues doe belching vpwards caſt
The wretched wracks that round about doe fleet:
The ſilken ſayles and gliſtring golden maſt
Lyes all to torne and trodden vnder feet,
The witleſſe throng of women ſwarming faſt,
With ſcarfes and feathers like to ſouldiers dreſt,
With painted haire, and ſhameleſſe bared breſt.

A monſtrous ſort of men, there ſhalt thou ſee,
Not men, but monſters ſure that beare the face
Of men, that neuer can contented bee
With comely garments meete, but (voyd of grace)
Forgetting quite their ancient old degree,
To women chang'd, their manly ſhapes deface
With frizled hayre and womaniſh diſgrace,

With counte'nance coy, and forehead forced hie,
And ſtaring top, as lately frayed with ſprites,
In rich attire to feede the gazers eye
That euermore in gliſtring ſhew delights:
A ſort of beaſts, whoſe chiefeſt ioy doth lye
In decking vp their carkas trimme and gay,
Which ſhall be but (at laſt) for wormes a pray.

As paynted Tombes, that ſtinch and filth contayne,
And *Arras* fayre that rotten walles doth hide:
So do theſe fooles, with all their garments vayne,
And freſh attire dreſt vp in pompe, and pride,
Onely nurſe vp a ſelfe-beguiling brayne:
For vnderneath their garments gliſtring braue
Lye mindes corrupt, as rotten bones in graue.

A ſinfull ſort that wholly ſpend their life
In ſetting out their earth-bred carkas heere,
Who night and day do paſſe with care and ſtrife,
In ſtudying how they fayreſt may appeere:
And weary ſoone of faſhions old, and rife,
Diſguiſe themſelues in new diſguiſed geare,
And change their minds as things are chang'd to weare.

Fly

Fly thou this rocke, and take good heede thereto:
For who ſo keepes this dreadfull dangerous way,
Will runne the race that him will quite vndoe,
And miſſe the marke by ſayling thus aſtray,
That ſhould him bring this happie *Haven* to:
No greater harme can hap to mortall kinde,
Then for to runne vpon this danger blind.

For who ſo once vpon the ſame doth fall,
Forgetteth God, forgets his owne eſtate,
Of good or vertue makes no count at all,
So he may liue aloft without a mate,
And for t'attayne a little glory ſmall,
He nought eſteemes of mighty *Iow* his wrath,
Though nought haue greater perill, then Pride hath.

But to auoyde this rocke and hazzard great,
Strike thou thy ſayles, and beare thy count'nance low,
Shun ſumptuous ſhew, regard not Lordly ſeate,
Nor to be knowne: ſeeke rather God to know,
Who being Lord, and Prince of glory great,
In poore attire, and ſimple ſhew beſide,
Came down from hie, to teach vs to ſhun Pride.

Remember ſtill how that the lofty mindes,
That in this world doe ſeeke to gliſter ſo,
Blowne on this rock by fond vaineglorious winds,
Fall headlong downe to euerlaſting woe,
Where no releaſe of torments they ſhall finde,
But as they wont in colours bright to goe,
So bright in flames of fire ſhall ouerthrowe.

Be neuer proud of what ſo Nature giues;
For what ſhe giues, in time ſhe takes away:
The faireſt creature, fineſt wit that liues,
In ſhorteſt time, we ſee, doth cleane decay;
Away goeth all, though ne're ſo ſore it grieues.
What folly then is it to ſet delight
On fading ſmoake, and loſe the heauens bright?

Be lowly-minded, and of humble cheare,
Thinke glory vnmeet for men of baſe degree:
Since God for pride with Angels would not beare,
Be well aſſur'd he will not beare't in thee.
Too late thou ſhalt repent, when thou ſhalt ſee
The ſober ſort to higheſt heauens flie,
And thou thy ſelfe in fell *Auernus* lie.

The griefe beſide is great of troubled minde,
That in this world they oftentimes ſuſtayne,
As want of wealth that ſtops their fancies blinde,
Whereby they fare like *Tantalus* in payne:
When other men they coſtly clad doe finde,
And they cannot attayne the ſelfe ſame grace,
Oh how themſelues with griefes they doe deface!

The criſtall glaſſe, wherein they wont to pry
With ioyfull heart to ſee their beauty cleare,
Giues out a ſhape vnpleaſant to the eye,
Whereas their crabbed countnance doth appeare,
Downe falles the viſage then with heauy cheare,
And mourning, they from thence apace doe go,
As men amazed with ſome ſodayne woe.

The

The pleaſant fame for euer now is gone,
That wonted was their eares for to delight,
Of *Marke him well, Lo, yonder goeth one,*
*In whome hath Nature ſought to ſhew her might:*
*A comelier man you cannot looke vpon.*
Now, no ſuch ſound, but ſcorn'd on euery ſide,
While each one ſayth, *Behold the end of pride.*

Therefore take heede that in theſe Seas dooſt ſayle,
Let not this vayne delight deceiue thy mind,
But rather ſtriue againſt it to preuayle,
And ſeeke the Chanell of *Lowlineſſe* to find,
Which whē thou gett'ſt, no tempeſt can thee quaile:
For there is harbour ſafe for euery wight,
That in this happie Chanell haps to light.

---

THis danger paſt, and left aloofe behind,
Before thine eyes doth ſtraight againe appeere
A fowle deformed pile, and hazzard blind,
That caſts away all ſuch as traueil neere.
A lothſome rocke, and hurtfull to the mind,
Deformed to the eye, yet doth allure,
Of earthly men, the earthly minds vnpure.

A dangerous place, that numbers doth deſtroy
Of ſuch, as careleſſe are of going right,
Whoſe brutiſh minds haue here no other ioy,
Then on the droſſe of earth to ſet delight.
This miſchiefe great hurts not the heauenly ſprite,
But greedy mindes and ſuch as are not wiſe.
This lothſome place is called *Auarice.*

A number great of wracks here ſhalt thou ſee,
That thicke about this place in thouſands ſwarme,
That neuer could alive admoniſht bee
For to beware of this ſo great a harme,
Nor to eſchue this preſent ieoperdy,
Nor no aduice could cauſe them ſayle aright,
Till on this rocke they wilfully doe light.

With count'nance pale and wan thou ſhalt behold
Their carcaſſes conſumed vnto nought,
Their weariſh limmes with cares congealed cold,
Their bloud dri'd vp with ſorrow and with thought,
Their feeble fingers claſping in of gold,
Hang'd round about with bags on every ſide,
The poyſe whereof doth cauſe them there to bide.

Vpon the ſands great caskets heaped lye,
And coffers ſtuft with euery kind of coyne,
Scrap't vp by fraud, and filthy vſury,
Now here, now there, whereſe're they could purloyne,
By force, by fraud, or any villany:
They wey not where, or how they do it get:
For all is fiſh with them, that comes to net.

A filthy mind that trauels to no end,
But for to pleaſe the ſtill deſiring eye,
Eſteemes no payne, regards no foe, nor frend,
Helps not himſelfe, nor no man elſe thereby,
In ſparing ioyes, and pineth if he ſpend,
When by his death he pleaſures with his hoord,
As doth the ſwine when as he comes to boord.

A brutish sort that neuer can reioyce
While here they liue, for carke, for feare, or toyle,
Still dreaming that they heare the dreadfull voyce
Of theefe at hand, or souldier them to spoyle,
Or else of death, that makes of them no choyce,
But rakes them vp in earth enclosed deepe,
Where voyd of gayne, and kept for payne, they sleepe.

What profits them their heapes of riches great,
For which, aliue, they tooke such care, and payne,
Oft wanting sleepe, forbearing often meate,
With greedy mind t'increase their treasure vayne,
When lothsome wormes their carkasses shall eate,
Rung downe to hell with cursings of the poore,
Whose wiues and children weeping lye at doore?

What helps the wealth, that doth not serue the need?
What good doth gold, that doth but feede the eye?
What gayne but griefe, haue they for all their meed,
That labour here for money till they dye,
Which long kept in, is spent at length with speede?
A goodly thing to pine for riches so,
And know not who shall haue them, when we go.

Oh wretched beasts, that neuer haue an end
Of this your vile, and couetous desire,
Why spare you this that other folkes shall spend?
You toyle and moyle like *Bayard* in the mire,
Your selues to graue before your time you send,
Finding at length the fruits of all your gayne,
In broyling flames and neuer ceasing payne.

The poore oppreſt, whome in this world you pold,
Your ſelues ſhall ſee to gliſter in the skye,
And call, and hall to them for water cold,
To coole your heate in torments, where you lye:
But all in vayne this you haue beene foretold.
And ſince by others harmes you take not heede,
Blame but your ſelues in like ſort if you ſpeede.

God hath himſelfe declar'd to you before,
That euen as ſlow, rich men to heauen doe flye,
And enter in as hardly at the dore,
As doth the *Cammell* paſſe a needles eye.
Your burden great, extorted from the poore,
Doth keepe you down, the gates are very ſtreight,
You cannot enter with ſo great a weight.

Your Factors lye not there to anſwere you,
Your bill of debt, nor no ſuch other geare,
Nor by exchange you can haue nothing due,
Your double vſance is but ſingle there,
The trade is chang'd, the world is altred new,
Your ten in hundreths ſcarcely then will mount,
When for your dealings you ſhall make account.

A thouſand actions ſhall be entred there
Againſt you, for your fraud and vſury,
And *Lawyer* none ſhall ſhew his face for feare:
Though you retayne him with his double fee;
His Clients cauſe, and his ſhall then agree:
The Iudge is wiſe, and eaſily can eſpye,
If fault or fraud do vnder colours lye.

With

With quaking heart, at barre then ſhalt thou ſtand,
Without aduice or any other ayde,
Hye holding vp thy guilty guilded hand,
For feare of ſentence vtterly diſmayde:
Thy whole account ſhall throughly there be ſcan'd,
And euery penny how it hath beene ſpent,
That vnto thee for purpoſe good was lent.

Therefore who ſayleth neere this lothſome place,
Fall off betimes, and keepe another way,
Haue in thy mind the *Haven* faire of grace,
And from thy compaſſe goe not much aſtray;
Behold thy Card, and keepe a perfit race,
No Ankers here beware that thou do caſt:
For ſhippe and all will ſoone be laid vp faſt.

And if the burthen that thou bear'ſt begreat,
Caſt ouer-boord both bagge and baggage quite,
Let neuer gold thee of thy ioyes defeate:
Safe ſhalt thou ſayle and better trauell light,
Then ouer-laden loſe the happy ſeate
Of reſt and bliſſe, where free and frankeſt minds
Do ſhrowd their ſhip eſcap't from greedy winds.

Well mayſt th'imploy the riches here thou haſt,
And pleaſe the King, and Lord of glory hye,
If that thou mak'ſt of them no wanton waſte,
Nor ſcrap'ſt them vp in Coffers cloſe to lye,
But lay'ſt them where they may be ſafeſt plaſte,
Vpon poore ſoules that comfortleſſe remayne.
This is the beſt, and ſureſt kind of gayne.

How goodly a thing is it for to relieue
Th'afflicted caſe of men with neede oppreſt,
Whome dayly cares, and troubled mind doth grieue,
That ſcarce can find an houre of quiet reſt,
Whilſt thou haſt thouſands hanging on thy ſleeue?
Remember well, that riches are but lent,
And nothing ours, but that which is well ſpent.

---

ANother miſchiefe in the way doth ſtand,
With vgly ſhew, and vile deformed ſight,
Encompaſt round with quick and quiuering ſand,
That ſwallowes vp all ſuch as thereon light:
Fowle ſwarmes of Serpents crawle on euery hand,
Whoſe hiſsing tongues do yeeld a hurtfull noyſe,
A lothſome ſound, a moſt vnpleaſant voyce.

About this rocke in euery place they crawle,
And ſhake their tongues at them that trauell by,
Whome enuious windes do cauſe with them to fall,
And ſpight compels to runne their courſe awry.
Moſt wretched guides to guide a Barke withall,
Who neuer ceaſe till all be ouerthrowne,
Till foyſt and frayght be vnder ſurges blowne,

Here poyſon'd vapours dayly do ariſe,
And yelling noyſe, and hatefull crye is heard,
The helliſh clouds ſo daze the Saylers eyes,
That ſcarce he ſees his Compaſſe or his Carde,
Except he skilfull be, and very wiſe,
And caſt about to meete ſome better wind,
That may him bring vnto his Port aſsign'd.

The

The tyde is ſtrong, that runneth thereabout,
The weather great, that beates vpon the coaſt,
The hold too weake, to thinke to rid it out,
Whereby at Anker many haue beene loſt,
That thought it ſafe, and made thereof no doubt.
This harmefull place, *Detraction* hath to name,
An ancient enemy to the Barke of fame.

Vpon this rocke, as loſt and caſt away,
All thoſe, whoſe tongues delight in ill report,
And make of ſlanders but a kind of play,
Wherewith themſelues moſt ſpightfully they ſport,
Spoyling good name and fame of eu'ry ſort,
Still charging them with this thing, and with that,
And oftentimes they wot not well with what.

Of euery man their tongue muſt runne at large,
Nought can be ſaid, but muſt their iudgement paſſe,
Their Oares muſt be aboord in euery Barge,
With each mans life they mell, and yet (alas)
Their owne is worſt, whereof they take no charge:
But looke, in others, what they ſpye amiſſe,
Apace at that, with hatefull tongue they hiſſe.

Whatſe're they ſee, or whatſoe're they heare,
They make much worſe then it was ſayd, or ment,
Their cankred tongues ſo ſpightfull do appeare,
That ſtill to ill they change the good intent,
And make it darke, that of it ſelfe was cleare:
What likes them not, muſt ſtrayte diſprayſed bee:
Their eyes be dimme, they can no vertue ſee.

The vertuous't man that can be found aliue,
Cannot eſcape their ſpightfull poyſon'd tung,
Although by all the meanes he can, he ſtriue
With vertuous life to ceaſe the rumor ſprung.
No vertuous act theſe Waſpes away can driue,
But Harpy-like they file all with their doung,
Making ill ſpeech their vſuall Table ſong.

Moſt lothſome fowles that haue no other foode,
But feed vpon the fame of euery man,
A filthy race, a curſed beaſtly broode,
Who while themſelues no kind of vertue can,
Yet in their fond and frantike furious moode,
Their enuious hearts are like to breake with ſpight,
To ſee that any ſeeke to liue vpright.

This wretched ſort haue ſwarmed euermore,
And haue continued ſince the world was made,
Encreaſing ſtill with poyſon kept in ſtore,
Haue neuer ceaſt their former curſed trade.
The godlieſt men in ages here before,
Do what they could, could not eſcape the ſting
Of ſlanderous tongnes that more and more did ſpring.

*Moyſes*, who meeke and vertuous ſtill in ſprite,
Deſerued well of euery kind of man,
Redreſſing wrong, and alwayes furth'ring right,
Of whome a fame through all the world out-ranne,
In whome th'Almighty Lord tooke great delight,
Could not eſcape this cankred curriſh ſort,
That ſtayn'd his fame with lewd and ill report,

Reporting

Reporting that he wrought by *Sorcery*,
Such wonders great as at that time they ſaw,
And that he gouern'd all by Tyranny,
Miſvſing men without all right or law,
Oppreſsing poore men with extremity,
Inuenting a Religion fond, and vayne,
Deuiſed onely by his ſubtill brayne.

The righteous *Iob*, that perfit was, and iuſt,
In whom the deuill himſelfe no fault could find,
That ſerued God with earneſt faith and truſt,
Obedient alwayes to his ſacred mind,
Deſpiſ'd the world, deſpiſ'd all fleſhly luſt:
Yet felt the tongue, and ſting of ſlandrous fame,
That found in him, things worthy ſtill of blame.

The holy Prophets, that liu'd long agoe
Like Gods on earth, with vertue ſhining bright,
Who planted vertue, whereas vice did flow,
And on the heauens ſet their whole delight,
In teaching men the right way here to goe,
Were oft reuil'd, and counted bad and nought,
And ſuch as all things out of order brought.

That happy Meſſenger of tidings glad,
That made the heauy heart for to reioyce,
And caſt away their dolefull count'nance ſad,
Reuiued with his healthfull heauenly voyce,
While as he preach't with skins of Camell clad:
This curſed ſort that all things wrong do wreſt,
Reporteth that the deuill him poſſeſt.

Th'almightie Lord, that downe from heauen hie,
Amongſt vs came, to ſaue ſuch as were loſt,
In whom no ſinne, nor kind of vice did lie,
All full of grace and of the holy Ghoſt,
Relieued all that vnto him did crie;
For all his vertue, and his ſtate diuine,
Was cal'd a Glutton, drinker deepe in wine.

What ſhould I call to mind the lewd report
His good Diſciples got for all their payne,
The infamies that toucht that ſacred ſort,
That gaue their liues t'increaſe the heauenly raigne,
Who made of cruell torments but a ſport,
The ſlaunderous tongues yet blaz'd in eu'ry place,
How they not had religion, God, nor grace?

What ſhould I tell the canckred carliſh ſpight,
Shew'd openly at this ſame preſent day,
Of ſuch as boaſt in Gods behalfe to write,
Whoſe deuilliſh tongues their helliſh hearts bewray?
With blaſphemies the heauens hie they ſmite.
Ywis, Chriſt neuer taught vncourteous ſtile,
Nor ſeemes a Chriſtian, words ſo harſh, ſo vile.

His ſprite was meeke, his talke was alwayes mild,
With words of comfort euermore he ſpake,
All bitter ſpeach from him was quite exil'd.
Wherefore he bade all his example take,
And that his children ſhould ill words forſake.
Vnciuill ſpeach, rude, voyd of courteſie,
Sauours of hell, and not of heauens glorie.

The

The Fiends, that low in *Pluto's* kingdome lie
Condemned to perpetuall paine and ſhame,
This curſed ſpeach doe vſe continually,
And barke and brawle at euery vertuous name,
Accuſing ſtill the Saints of God with blame.
Thus doth hels hatefull miniſter euer teach,
With curſed ſpeach, and poyſned tongue to preach:

For ſlaunder there, is counted vertue great:
In hatefull words they moſt of all delight;
Foule *Infamy* hath there the chiefeſt ſeat,
Accompanide with malice and with ſpight,
Whoſe hatefull ſhew, and euill-abounding ſight,
Repineth ſtill at all men that doe well,
And fearing God, doe ſhun the pit of hell.

But thou, that ſeek'ſt the happy heauenly ſeat,
Keepe not this courſe; *Detraction* ſtill defye,
With ſpitefull tongue doe thou no man intreat;
On others faults haue neuer too much eye,
But on thine owne, that liu'ſt in dangers great:
For why ſhould'ſt thou of others babble ſo,
When thou thy ſelfe haſt vices many moe?

Let no mans life by thee defaced be,
Take not away that thou canſt not reſtore,
And looke what faults in others thou dooſt ſee,
Take heed that in thy ſelfe there be not more:
Report not ill, ſpeake well of eche degree:
Good words are ſtill eternized with fame,
Whereas ill ſpeach turnes to the ſpeakers ſhame.

The gentle minde doth plainely repreſent
A liuely forme of God himſelfe on hye,
Whoſe gracious will to goodneſſe alwayes bent,
Delights in mildneſſe and in clemency,
Who chiefly framed man for that intent.
But curſed ſpeech this picture out doth race,
And ſets vp Sathan in the ſelfe-ſame place.

Anoyd this danger, further from it flye,
Let not ſuch miſchiefe thy deſtruction be,
For feare of loſing all, ſayle not too nye:
The loſſe is great, ſome ſafer ſhore go ſee,
Whereas at Anker thou mayſt ſafely lye.
In dangers great we may not runne at length,
But reſt a while to gather further ſtrength.

---

HOyſe vp thy ſayles, and giue them to the wind,
Theſe dangers paſt, the fewer do remayne:
Take courage good, & ſhew thy valiant mind,
And weigh that pleaſure followes after payne,
As after troubles quiet reſt we find:
For who ſo ſhrinks with painefull things to meete,
Is far vnworthy for to taſte the ſweete.

Sayle on thy courſe, and caſt a carefull eye
About thy ſelfe within theſe Seas ſo toſt,
And euer marke what perils neere do lye,
For feare thy negligence thee deerely coſt,
And ſhunne the place which hath ſo many croſt,
That careleſly with vnaduiſed mind,
Haue blindly followed euery puft of wind.

Before

Before thy face, at hand thou ſhalt behold
A foule great Flat, moſt lothſome for to ſee,
All ouer-ſpred with limmes and bodies cold,
And Barkes and Boates that all to broken be,
From whence the fraight vpon the ſands are rolde,
That ſprawling lye vpon this wretched place,
With pity-pleading looke, and woe-worne face.

About the broken Barkes doe ſcattred lye
Great tunnes of wine, of euery kind and ſort,
And ſumptuous tables, diſhes heaped hye,
And coſtly banquets paynted with diſport,
The more to pleaſe the greedy *Glottons* eye.
No kind of fiſh or fleſh there can be got,
But may be ſeene heap't vp vpon this plot.

About theſe diſhes round attending ſtand,
Each vile diſeaſe that may be nam'd or found:
The groning *Gout*, with ſhackled foote and hand,
That ſcarce can ſtay from falling to the ground:
The *Dropſy* pale ſtands ſhaking on the ſand:
The *Feuer* hot ſits gaping here for wind,
Whoſe ſcorched toung no taſte in meate can find.

*Quotidians* there, and *Quartanes* ſhalt thou ſee,
Now ſhaking cold, now burning all on flame,
There paynefull *Collicks*, baſtard *Tertians* be,
And that diſeaſe, which *Iaundiſe* hath to name,
With many more of this fraternity:
Whereat Phiſicions often make their wealth,
More weighing gold, then any Patients health.

A number great of ſickneſſes beſide,
Languiſhing here in deaths pale threatning ſhow,
May euery where about this place be ſpide,
That in theſe full-fed fooles do often grow;
As *Pleuriſies* with torments in the ſide,
With *Falling-ſickneſſe* that doth foming lye,
And *Apoplexies*, murthering ſuddenly.

Moſt grieuous paynes, and ſwimming in the head,
With *Lethargies*, forgetting euery thing,
And ſtrangling *Quinſies*, with hote humors fed,
That many men vnto their graues do bring:
Conſuming *Ptiſicks*, lingring long in bed,
Both *Stone* and *Strangury* lye here in great payne,
And many more, that to rehearſe were vayne.

This fearefull place is called *Gluttony*,
Wherein great numbers haue beene caſt away,
While as with greedy luſt they ſayled by,
And ranne their courſe by negligence aſtray.
Shun thou this danger, from this miſchiefe flye:
Let thoulands dying there before thy face,
Example be for thee to ſhun this place.

A wretched vice, a ſinfull crime it is,
To pamper vp the fleſh with his delight,
Whereby more prone it is to liue amiſſe,
And apter made for to reſiſt the ſprite.
That creature neuer ſeekes the place of bliſſe,
That ſtudies here his greedy luſt to pleaſe,
And to conſume his time in reſt and eaſe.

The

The flesh will neuer here subdued bee,
Nor made obedient to the heauenly minde,
VVhile as we farse it vp in this degree,
VVith meats of euery dainty sort, and kinde.
These fine-fed folks are bent t'affections blinde:
But few of them that vertuous are and chaste,
VVill haue their guttes thus inwardly bumbaste.

As wood heapt vp a high vpon the fyre,
Or oyle cast in, doth more augment the heate,
So doth this fond insatiate desire
Of surfetting, and cramming in of meate,
Increase the flame of lecherous desire.
The body is vnmeete to followe good,
While as it is so cherished with food.

The feeble brayne with stinking vapours dazed,
That boyling in the stomacke vpward rise,
Astonished, and vtterly amazed,
Cannot aspire vnto the haughty skyes:
So weake it is, and so with surfets crazed,
That it is not applide the way to finde,
For to restraine th'affections of the minde.

Oh, what a sort may at this day be found,
That only giue themselues to eate and drinke,
Like brutish beasts, that grazing on the ground,
Continually on nothing els do thinke!
What greater shame to Christians can redound,
Then thus to feed the paunch excessiuely,
That to the soule is such an enemy?

What folly greater can committed be,
Then where we here may long time liue in health,
With moderate diet and ſobriety,
All voyde of ſickneſſe, that ſurmounteth wealth,
We rather chuſe to liue in miſery,
Eſteeming more a graceleſſe pleaſure vayne,
Then for to keepe our bodies out of payne?

And whereas Nature doth her ſelfe content
With ſlender diet, and ſo moſt delights,
Of which God hath ſufficient alwayes ſent,
To ſerue our neede, and to refreſh our ſprites,
We ceaſing not to feede with belly bent,
Both God diſpleaſe, and nature quite deſtroy,
And for our labour loſe eternall ioy.

Therefore eſchue this beaſtly greedy mind,
This gurmandize, this filthy foule delight,
For brutiſh beaſts, and not for men aſsign'd.
Helpe not the fleſh to ouerthrow the Sprite,
But helpe the Sprite to daunt affections blind.
So body and ſoule ſhall happily agree,
To ſeeke the skies, where thou ſhalt bleſſed bee.

Eate not too much, but often vſe to faſt,
Both Nature bids, and Chriſt commaundeth ſo:
Our Fathers old that liu'd in ages paſt,
Found great reliefe by this in preſent woe,
Who ſtriuing long, thus tam'd their fleſh at laſt,
While as forbearing meate, and ſinne withall,
With feruent prayer on God they vſde to call.

A vertue great is Abſtinence, no doubt,
Of euery man to be eſteemed much,
A helping hand to them that goe about
The ſacred skies with heauenly mind to touche:
No better fence to keepe ſoules enemy out.
*Phiſicions count it Natures chiefeſt friend,*
*And God himſelfe doth highly it commend.*

---

BEare off therefore, and come not neere the place,
That all embrude with Gluttons blood doth lye,
Whoſe ſoules in hell in miſerable caſe,
With pitious playnts, and howling noyſes crie,
Lamenting ſore their former lacke of grace.
When as thou haſt eſcap't this ieopardy,
Before thy face againe thou ſhalt deſcry

A gorgeous Ile, an earthly *Paradiſe*,
Wherein there wants no kind of pleaſant ſight,
No gliſtring ſhow, nor coſtly fine deuice,
That may encreaſe the trauellers delight:
The ſight hereof reuiues the gazers ſprite,
Doth pleaſe the eye, and doth allure the mind
Of men that thinke ſafe harbor there to find.

Of compaſſe large, and full of beauty faire,
The ſightly ſhow doth lye before thy face,
Which ſeemes, as Nature there had ſet her chayre,
And choſen that her happy reſting place:
From whence there comes a ſweet perfuming ayre,
With ſundry Muſike, yeelding heauenly ſound,
That in this place may eaſily be found.

The cleeues are hye, and all of christall shyne,
Vpon the toppe whereof in order growes
Hye haughty trees with maiestie diuine,
That glistring there far off in shadowes shewes:
There stately stands the lofty lordly Pyne,
There, groues of Mirtles, and of Lawrell greene,
With hye-topt Cædars fayre are to be seene.

Beyond these same, are mountaines rising hye,
Clad round about with trees of diuers kind,
That, plac't in order, much delight the eye,
And thither drawe the Saylers wandring mind,
Who thinke these hilles do touch the starrie skye:
There, round about in eu'ry place below,
Faire purple *Roses* ioyn'd with *Iasmins* grow.

In euery place may beautie there be seene,
In euery place is pleasure for the eye,
Throughout the woods, & pleasant forrests greene,
Great flockes of birds of euery sort doe flye,
Whose curious notes do pearce the azur'd skye,
Collauding heauens with skilfull melodie,
Agreeing all in perfit harmonie.

No lothsome sight doth any where appeare,
No thing disordred any kind of way:
But all things shining there with beautie cleare,
Alluring vnto sorrow-lending play,
That they that once do chaunce to trauell neere,
Such pleasure streightway do conceiue in mind,
As no where else, saue there, they thinke to find.

And

And round about, in euery place they meet,
With shalles of *Maremaids* swimming here & there,
Whose beautie great and pleasant singing sweet,
So daunts the eyes and eares of them that heare,
That maruell 'tis if they do hold their feete:
Their beauty's such, their voyce doth so delight,
That with their tongues they conquer euery wight.

Such is the force of this their melodie,
That long time since, and many yeeres agoe,
The wise *Vlisses*, when he passed by,
Being tost on Seas, and beaten to and fro,
Desirous for to heare this harmonie,
Stopt vp his seruants eares with waxe, and fast
Caus'd them to bind himselfe vnto the mast.

Thus sayling forward, neere this pleasant place,
With wished winds, and all things seruing meet,
These *Maremaids* faire appear'd before his face,
With shining countenance, and voyces sweet,
Their sundry songs they sung with comely grace:
Their sweet accord, and passing princely sound,
Did from the waues vnto the skies rebound:

Which sound when as *Vlysses* streight did heare,
Could not refraine th'affections of his mind,
But lowd he calles with griefe and troubled cheare,
And willes his men, with haste him to vnbind:
Thus calling out, and crying ne're the neere,
He wrests to be vnlooſed, but in vayne,
And beates his head against the mast amayne.

His wisedome great could not his fancy guide,
Nor rule his mind, nor bridle his delight:
But if at liberty he had beene vntide,
He would haue leap't amid this pleasant sight,
And left the fruits of pleasure at that tide:
But so fast bound he could not haue his mind,
Till sayling past, it was too farre behind.

Yet ne'retheleſſe, continually they striue,
The Saylers by, who first may come aland,
With all their sayles clapt on, apace they driue,
And haue no feare of any shore, or land,
But while they trauell on these Seas aliue,
They forward sayle with greedy lusting mind,
Till torments due to their deserts they find.

Alas, how great, and worthy a company
Haue here beene lost, and cleerely cast away,
Whose wits diuine, of worthy memory,
Are talk't on yet vntill this present day,
Who had escap't each other misery,
And with their vertues rare had glistred bright,
If that they could haue shun'd this fowle delight?

The mightie *Hercles* that liu'd long agoe,
Whose worthy acts deseru'd immortall fame,
Who spent his dayes in anguish and in woe,
Not bent to pleasure, nor inclin'd to game,
But followed vertue, which he sought for so,
Could not escape this heart-breake vayne delight,
But crost himselfe for lacke of due foresight.

The ſubtill wit, and iudgement ſo profound,
That paynted vertue liuely to the eye,
Who ſhew'd the harmes and hurts of vice vnſound,
And op'ned playne the place whereas they lye:
The ſelfeſame man, that once ſuch fauour found
At *Delphos*, that he got the ſoueraignty,
Yet ran vpon this danger paſsing by.

A thouſand ſuch in Stories old we find:
Of ſundry like our ſacred Volumes tell,
That ran amiſſe vpon this fancy blind,
For lacke of good aduice, and guiding well:
Yea, though they wholly did apply their mind
To euery vertue, yet did this way ſtray:
Example, he, with *Vryes* wife that lay.

Amongſt the dangers of theſe harmefull Seas,
No peril like to theſe there comes in ſight,
That more doth worke the paſſengers diſeaſe,
Or driues them more to ſhew their force and might,
Nor no men more th'Almightie Lord diſpleaſe.
VVherefore we ought with heed, and carefull eye,
With might and mayne, from luſts delights to flye.

And often weigh the miſchiefe that will riſe,
If we do leaue our happy courſe to keepe,
For vaine delight, that here deludes the eyes,
And bringeth men in reſtleſſe reſt aſleepe.
Nay, rather let vs flattring ſhewes deſpiſe,
Which for a little trifling pleaſure vayne,
Do bring vs vnto euerlaſting payne.

Direct thy ship and course another way;
Remember still how happy they shall be,
That haue not fayne vpon this Ile astray,
Where fleshly ioyes and foolish fancies bee:
But do themselues with all their might assay,
To put away each storme and troublous winde,
That blowes contrary to their vertuous mind.

And weigh the paynes and torments they shall haue,
That giue themselues to follow fowle delight,
And breake the lawes, that God to all men gaue,
How they shall wayle, and howle in pitious plight,
When that their body's seu'red from their sprite:
Which sprite shall neuer feele release of payne,
As long as God doth in the heauens raigne.

Although the motions of the flesh be much,
And that our nature herein beares some sway:
Yet ought the force of reason to be such
In man, as well may put such toyes away.
The mind diuine must not so basely touch,
But mount aloft with wings vnto the skyes,
Where perfit ioy, and perfit pleasure lyes.

For earthly ioyes and fancies are vnmeete
For such as God appoynts with him to liue,
Who ought t'abandon all such pleasures sweete,
As vse whereof may them offend, or grieue:
Not euery shew, nor euery path beleeue;
But onely walke in that appointed way,
That God himselfe before thine eyes doth lay:

And

And flye the pathes, although they pleasant seeme,
That he hath here forbidden to be trode,
And cast away all fond affections cleane,
The weight whereof the soule so sore doth lode,
That languishing vpon the earth with teene,
Constrayned is there for to dwell and lye,
And neuer can aspire to heauens hye.

And as *Vlisses* passing by this place,
Where *Mermaids* flocke, whereof is spoke before,
(Whose sugred songs, and loue-pretending face,
Did seeke to trayne him to that deadly shore)
Withstood (by wise aduice) their flattring lore,
Causing his men to bind him to the mast,
Whereby that danger graciously he past:

So in these Seas of pleasures, lest we quayle,
We ought to bind our wils to *Reason* strong,
As to the mast, that beares our chiefest sayle,
And guides vs best throughout this iourney long:
For so we shall escape this deadly song,
That hath bewitch't so many vertuous eares,
And brought them vnto torments and to teares.

But if there doe such punishment remayne
For those, which (while they vertuous seeke to be)
Doe fall into this lake of pleasures vayne,
Whereby they come to greatest miserie,
Condemned vnto neuer-ceasing payne,
Shut out from that faire-shining beautie bright,
That farre surmounts all other kind of sight:

If thoſe (I ſay) ſuch torments haue to taſte,
What plagues are due vnto that ſinfull ſort,
That both with mind vncleane, and toung vnchaſte,
Of lothſome vice make but a play and ſport?
And where they ought not ſpend a word in waſte,
They vtter out the filthieſt words they can,
Without reſpect of either God or man,

Contenting not themſelues with wicked deeds
Alone, to paſſe away their ſinfull race:
But with ſuch words as filthily proceeds
From out their hearts, defiling eu'ry place,
As noyſome weeds the freſheſt flowres deface:
So do theſe beaſts with tongue and talke vncleane,
Defile eche thing that fayreſt may be ſeene,

With words vnſeemely, that vncleanneſſe ſound,
Theſe harlot-hunters doe themſelues delight,
Corrupting minds that otherwiſe were ſound,
With ſpeach vnpure, and wanton geſture light,
Wherein they're skild, as in their arte profound:
Their ſhameleſſe toungs, while as their acts they tell,
Doe cauſe the deuill himſelfe to bluſh in hell.

Moſt wretched men, that lead your liues with ſhame,
And dye like beaſts, in miſerable plight:
The paynes of hell is end of all your gayne.
Each damned ſoule ſhall feele his torment light,
Reſpecting yours, who for your foule delight,
Farre paſſe them all in torments and in payne:
*This is your end, and your aſſured gayne.*

Let

Let this ſuffice to giue thee warning here,
That ſayleſt neere this care-procuring place,
Although the beauty fayre at firſt appeare,
Thou ſeeſt the end, how in moſt wretched caſe
They plagued are, and buy their pleaſure deare.
Then leaue betimes, and ſayle another way.
*It is not good with dangers for to play.*

And take good heed: for ſtreight before thy face,
Amid theſe Seas, another danger lyes,
That bearing vp his head a little ſpace,
Aboue the water, oft deceiues the eyes,
By which a number haue complayned their caſe.
The ſhew is ſmall, that doth appeare on hye:
The chiefeſt harme doth vnder water lye.

---

THe top whereof is ſmoothly poliſhed,
And doth not threaten hazzard with the ſhow,
By which haue many bene ſeduc'd and led
To trauell neere, the ſtate thereof to know;
Who with their ſhips haue but in ill ſort ſped,
Being all to torne apieces, forc't to flye,
Their maſters ſprawling on the ſurges hye.

The luſtieſt Saylors haue bene drowned here,
Whoſe Barkes haue borne the brauеſt port on Seas,
For manly ſhew, and ſtomacks voyd of feare,
While as they ſayl'd which way them beſt did pleaſe,
Who counſell none, nor no aduice would heare,
Still truſting to their owne deceiued wit,
From whoſe ſelfe-will they would not ſtirre a whit:

Nor caſt they here themſelues away alone,
But cauſe great numbers more their courſe to miſſe,
Perſwading them, that neere vnto this ſtone
Doth lye the way to euerlaſting bliſſe,
Aſſuring them that danger there is none:
By which vayne words they cauſe the ſimple men
To caſt away themſelues, by following them.

This dangerous place that hath ſo many loſt,
And thus beguild, is called *Hereſy*:
A hurtfull place, a moſt pernitious coaſt,
A wofull rocke, a wretched ieopardy,
And hurts *the Navy of Chriſtianity*:
Which gorgeous fleet had long time ſince beene drent,
If mighty *Iove* had not them ſuccour lent,

Who pitying them of his accuſtom'd grace,
When as they were with ſtormes and tempeſts toſt,
And euen at point to fall vpon this place,
Whereas they had beene altogether loſt,
Lamenting, as it were, their wretched caſe,
Rebuk't the winds, and tooke the Helme in hand,
And brought them ſafe vnto th'aſſured land.

A happy guide in theſe ſo dreadfull Seas,
Whoſe bleſſed ayde if all men erſt had ſought
With humble mind, in ſeeking him to pleaſe,
And ſetting all their owne deuice at nought,
They had not purchaſt thus their owne diſeaſe,
Nor had they left behind them ſuch a fame,
As hitherto the world reſounds with ſhame.

*Cerin-*

*Cerinthus* had not caſt himſelfe away
Vpon this rocke, in ſuch lamented plight:
Nor *Eutyches* had paſt this wretched way,
If ſeruing God had beene his chiefe delight:
Nor had *Nouatus* on this miſchiefe light,
Nor *Arrius* with his *Arrians* here had dide,
Nor all the ſwarme of *Manicheyes* beſide;

With thouſands more, that here I lothe to name,
Who might haue ſcap't this dreadfull place full well,
That brought them vnto euerlaſting ſhame,
And threw them headlong to the pit of hell,
Whereas they wayle in neuer-ceaſing flame,
If they had ſought this ſafe-aſſured ayde,
And vnto him for helpe had alwayes prayd.

Take thou good heed, that trauelleſt hereby,
Leſt that thou fall vpon this hurtfull place:
Beware of *Schiſme*: Beware of *Hereſie*,
And pray to God continually for grace,
That he may keepe thee from this miſery,
In giuing thee a quicke and watchfull eye,
Whereby thou mayſt ſuch couert dangers flye.

Looke well about, and truſt not euery ſprite,
That ſeemes to teach the ſafe-aſſured way,
Be well aſſur'd he teach the way aright,
Or walke not thou elſe, after him aſtray.
The Deuill himſelfe can ſeeme an Angell bright.
But Chriſt hath left you here his Scriptures playne,
A touch-ſtone true to trye Religion vayne.

By theſe examine eu'ry prating ſprite,
By theſe goe trie what vnto thee is taught,
Let theſe be Iudge who teacheth wrong or right,
Let theſe diſcerne the good things from the nought,
Of theſe in darkneſſe borrow all thy light:
So ſhalt thou able be thy ſelfe to trye,
Where ſhaddowes falſe, and where deceit doth lye.

Beleeue not thoſe ſame ſlandrous mouthes vntrue,
Who make report, how that the Bookes diuine
Corrupted are with falſe tranſlations new:
Onely of malice they do thus repine;
They ſee the Spirit of God will them ſubdue:
And therefore for to bring them in contempt,
Theſe ſlandrous lyes maliciouſly th'inuent.

As he that late ſuch needleſſe paynes did take,
In culling out the faults he could eſpy,
Of euery tittle ſtraight account doth make,
In noting where he thinkes they runne awry.
Yet if thou ſhalt his worthy iudgement trye,
Thou well ſhalt ſee, his folly-full-fed brayne
Hath taken all his trauell here in vayne.

Beſide, another marke there is to know
Theſe wretched ſprites, that leade men thus to hell:
Though clad in pelts of ſheepe, they ſimple ſhow,
And many tales of God and heauen tell,
Yet malice doth their minds ſo ouerflow,
Their bloody teeth do ſtill appeare in ſight,
Wherewith like Wolues continually they fight.

Example

Example one, amongst a number more,
Let *Arrius* be, who, whil'st he here did raigne,
Of torments great, and tortures had much store,
Wherewith he put true Christians still to payne,
With sundry deaths, not heard of afore,
As splinters sharp of Reeds, which sore did prick,
As twixt the nayles and flesh the same did stick.

That deuilish mind that raigneth now in hell,
Doth still enuy the happy state of man;
And since the time that first to earth he fell,
He laboureth by all the meanes he can,
To cause them all in paynes with him to dwell,
Continuing still with rancour and with heate,
To persecute that happie heauenly seate.

*Chrysostome* he, that long agoe hath tride
These brittle Seas, and searched eu'ry place,
Who had good proofe of eu'ry wind and tide,
And well could sayle to find the port of grace,
Declar'd which way these people might be spide,
And gaue plaine token how we well should know
These Barks of *Schisme* that on these Seas do row:

Did euer yet (sayth he) the simple sheepe
With bloody mouth the greedie Woolfe pursue?
Not once: But rauening Woolues do neuer sleepe
From hunting them: So *Cain* poore *Abel* slew;
Not *Abel* him: So *Ismael Isaac* true
Did persecute; not *Isaac* him. The *Iew*
Thus troubled Christ; and *Heretikes*, Christians true.

Thus playnely did this [illegible] Father old
Conclude, that such as beare such hatefull minde
Against the flocke, and happy harmelesse fold
Of Christ, still following them with malice blind,
To be the Wolues, of whome our Sauiour told.
*The Wolfe by raueuing enormore is oride,*
*The Heretike by cruell mind is spide.*

Then since thou mayst full well discerne this ill,
Sayle farre from hence, and steare aduisedly,
And guide thy selfe by good and carefull skill;
So shalt thou misse this fearefull ieopardy.
Giue not the reynes and bridle vnto will,
But make it subiect to the motions hye,
That thou mayst saue thy selfe, and dangers flye.

---

YEt once againe thou needst to take good heed:
For hereabouts an Iland fayre doth lye,
That to the Saylers mischiefe great doth breed,
That flames farre off, like *Phœbus* in the skye.
Which glistring sight the gazers mind doth feede,
Perswading them some wor thy sight is there,
That so encompast is with shining cleere.

In euery place *Pyramides* here rise,
With costly stones compact of gorgeous show,
Whose stately toppes do seeme to touch the skyes:
The bases square are framed fayre below,
With such proportions as best please the eyes,
Adorned braue with Torches flaming bright,
That seeme to spoyle the day it selfe of light.

A thousand Altars garnisht here do stand,
With cloth of gold, and purple passing fayre,
And fires burning hie on eu'ry hand,
Where Incense cast, doth cause a pleasant ayre,
And thither blinded men make their repayre.
On eu'ry Altar Images appeare,
Of sundry gods, that people worship there.

There *Saturne* stands with enuious countenance sad,
And next to him hath *Iupiter* his place,
And *Venus* smiling fayre with beautie glad,
And fuming *Mars* with hote and fiery face,
And *Dian* with her siluer-shining grace:
Swift *Mercury* amongst them here doth stand,
With flickring wings, and golden rod in hand.

Great *Bacchus* heere is plac't with Maiestie,
And neere to him Dame *Ceres* may be seene,
And *Proserpine* that low beneath doth lye,
And *Iuno* once of heauen counted Queene,
And *Berecynthya*, mother of the skye:
Here *Castor* ioyn'd with *Pollux* fayre doth stand,
And *Esculapius* with his Snakes in hand.

On other Altars ioyning thereto neere,
A number great of pictures placed be,
That monstrous to the lookers on appeare;
As one, that pourtrayde is with faces three,
Another holding in his hand a tree,
And wading ouer riuers easily,
With monstrous legs, & shoulders shameful bye.

But most of all, that makes men there to muse,
There stands a Saint in strange disguised sort,
To take't for man or woman, you may chuse:
For of them both it seemes to beare a port,
Arrayde in gowns, as women most doe vse
And thus disguis'd in strange and masking coates,
Esteemes no other offring here, then Oates.

A number great of such strange pictures vayne
Here mayst thou see, of whom it needs not tell,
That vnto Priests haue alwayes bene a gayne,
And led such as them worshipt, vnto hell;
Here are the Saints to whom the Turke doth yell:
As *Vanus* and *Sedschasis*, that victorie doth bring,
With *Mirotchinus* and *Ascichum*, & *Chiderell* the King.

Before eche image, Tapers burning bright,
And Odours sweete doe fume continually,
The people kneeling round about in sight,
With hands held vp, and voyces lowd doe cry;
Eche one complayning of his wretched plight,
Doe call vpon their gods with feruent minde,
Supposing thus a perfit helpe to finde.

This dangerous place is cal'd *Idolatry*,
Whereon are lost the Turks and Pagans all,
That hither still in swarming flocks doe flye,
Not fearing mischiefe that may them befall:
And numbers great of Christians here doe dye,
That leauing Christ, to Idoles fast do sing,
Which is detested of th' Almighty King:

For

For nothing doth ſo much the mind offend
Of that moſt ſacred Maieſtie diuine,
Nor nothing makes him more his plagues to ſend,
Then when he ſees his ſeruants to decline
From ſeruing him, to ſeeke another friend:
This more doth him diſpleaſe aſſuredly,
Then any whoredome, theft, or robbery.

Him liketh to be worſhipped alone,
With earneſt mind, and with vnfayned heart:
Who worſhips him, muſt worſhip others none,
It is not meet for any to giue part
Of honour due to him, vnto a ſtone:
For who ſo doth, ſhall feele his torments due,
For worſhipping falſe gods, and gods vntrue.

This only cauſe did make him oft forſake
His choſen flocke, the ancient Iſraelites,
Who, though with mouth he often to them ſpake,
Appoynting to them ſacred lawes and rites,
Yet euermore his ord'nances they brake:
In eu'ry groue, on eu'ry wood and hill,
They Idols plac't contrarie to his will:

For which, he often gaue them ouer quite
Into the hands of cruell enemies,
Who dealt with them in payne-inflicting plight,
Vexing them ſtill with fearefull tyrannies,
Compeld to ſuffer thouſand cruelties,
Accounted ſlaues and abiects clearely loſt,
That erſt of all men were eſteemed moſt.

For this, poore Chriſtians oftentimes haue felt
The vſage vile, and force of Turkiſh hands,
That many yeeres haue with them euill dealt,
Depriuing them of children, wife, and lands,
Since firſt of Idoles they the ſeruice ſmelt,
Decayd their vertues, loſt their ancient fame,
And made them to the world an open ſhame.

Therefore beware, and ſhun this filthy place.
Let *Paul* thy Pilot be vpon theſe Seas,
Who ſayth, Idolaters ſhall not the face
Of God, or ſee, or find the Port of eaſe:
For Idole-ſeruers are depriu'd of grace:
Such kind of ſeruants onely he deſires,
As ſeeke to ſerue him as himſelfe requires.

All other ſeruice he eſteemes as vayne;
And moſt he hates ſuch fond religion blind,
As is deuiſ'd by dreame of fooliſh brayne:
That worſhip onely doth delight his mind,
That he himſelfe hath taught in Scriptures playne:
He ſuffers not to honour this or that;
But playnely hath himſelfe appoynted what.

Serue thou him therefore, as he liketh beſt;
With all thy heart, with all thy mind him loue;
Let him be higheſt alwayes in thy breſt:
Take heed that none be placed him aboue.
Eſteeme no creature ſo aboue the reſt,
That loue thereof ſhall him from thee remoue:
For that he doth in all his word reproue.

Not onely Image-ſeruers haue the name
Of blind Idolaters, but eu'ry ſuch,
That inwardly with feruent loue doth flame,
Eſteeming fading fancies here, too much,
Preferring them before all feare, or ſhame:
  Theſe kind of loues, when in the heart they lye,
  Are ſureſt ſignes of vile Idolatry.

Farre off from this ſee therefore that thou flye,
If thou intend the Hauen fayre to finde:
For who ſo toucheth on this fame, ſhall dye,
In ſuffring ſhip-wracke, through his folly blinde.
Keepe then the ioyfull Hauen ſtill in minde,
  Whoſe pleaſures great ſhall fully thee reward,
  For all thy paynes, and all thy trauels hard.

---

ANother danger lyes there in the way,
That ſeemeth good and ſafe vnto the eye,
  Whereat a number great of Shippes doe ſtay,
That here are loſt, or put in ieopardy,
With colour falſe of good it doth betray,
  And moſt allures ſuch men as ſeeke for fame:
  *Hypocriſy* this miſchiefe hath to name.

A rocke but ſoft and ſimple to the eye,
That pleaſeth much the mind of worldly ſight,
Whereas deceit doth cloſly couered lye,
Which hindreth men from trauelling aright:
Vpon the top whereof in open place,
  There ſtands an Image couered all of ſtone,
  That there was placed many yeeres agone.

Which Image here I would describe to thee,
But that long since it hath bene paynted playne
By learned *Chaucer*, gemme of Poetry,
Who past the reach of any English brayne:
A folly therefore were it here for me,
To touch that he did often vse to say,
Writ in the *Romant* of his Roses gay.

---

*Another thing was done, they write,*
*That seemed like an Hypocrite,*
*And it was cleeped Pope holy,*
*That ill is she that priuily,*
*Ne spareth neuer a wicked deed,*
*When men of her taken none heed,*
*And maketh her outward precious,*
*With pale visage, and pitious,*
*And seemeth a simple creature:*
*But there wys no misaduenture,*
*That she ne thinketh in her courage.*
*Full like to her was thilke Image,*
*That maked was byt her semblance,*
*She was full simple of count'nance.*
*And she was clothed and eke shod,*
*As she were for the loue of God,*
*Youlden to Religion,*
*Such seemed her deuotion.*
*A Psalter held she fast in hond,*
*And busily she gan to fond,*
*To make many a saint prayer*
*To God, and to his Saints deare.*

Ne

*Ne she was gay, fresh, and iolliff,*
*But seem'd to be full intentiff*
*To good workes, and to saire,*
*And therto she had an hayre,*
*Ne certes she was fat nothing,*
*But seemed weary for fasting:*
*Of colour pale, and dead was shee,*
*From her the gates eye warned be,*
*Of Paradice, the blisfull place.*
*For such folke maken leane their grace,*
*As Christ saith in his* Euangile,
*To get their praise in towne a while,*
*And for a little glorie vayne,*
*They leesen God, and eke his raigne.*

---

THus hath the golden pen of *Chaucer* old,
The Image playne described to the eye:
Who passing by long since, did it behold,
And tooke a note thereof aduisedly,
And left the same to his posterity,
That each man passing by, might playnely know
The perfit substance of that flattring show.

An enemy great vnto the Christian fleete,
Is this fowle rocke of false *Hypocrisie*,
That vs depriueth of the pleasure sweete,
And brings our soules to greatest misery:
A vice vnmeete for *Christianity*.
Eschew it then, and farre off from him flye,
Let not such blind affections bleare thine eye.

Seeke rather good to be, then good to ſeeme;
Seeke ſo to liue, as thou doeſt here profeſſe:
So ſhall both God and man thee beſt eſteeme;
So ſhalt thou perfit Chriſtian life expreſſe.
What good doth it, when men thee godly deeme?
Although thou mayſt diſſemble for a while,
Yet God thou canſt not long time thus beguile.

His eye doth ſtill diſcerne thy inward thought;
Thy ſecret dealings well he doth behold,
And all thy deeds in hucker-mucker wrought,
At length before the world he ſhall vnfold:
To what a miſery ſhalt thou then be brought,
When all thy filthy vices there ſhall ſmoake,
That here were hidden vnder godly cloake?

Chriſt hath vs taught for to abhorre this crime,
When as he curſ'd the *Scribes* and *Phariſes*,
Who ſeem'd the godlieſt liuers at that time,
All garniſht outward with *Hypocriſies*,
As though they dayly ſtaffe by ſtaffe did clime,
By godly life to reach the haughtie skies,
Whereas their hearts were full of villaynies.

Oh, what a number at this preſent day,
Doe ſwarme in eu'ry towne, in eu'ry place,
That, *God be thank'd*, and *God be prais'd*, can ſay,
With geſture mild, and fayned godly grace,
Who crowching low before men, faſt can pray!
And yet for all this ſhew and goodly geare,
Deceitfull knaues at length they doe appeare,

Beguiling

Beguiling men, that put in them their truſt,
Oppreſsing poore men by ſiniſter wayes,
Without all conſcience, words and deeds vniuſt;
Yet would they ſeeme, as though they God did praiſe;
Whereas (in deed) theſe curſed caſt-awayes
Doe neuer worſhip any God in minde,
But alwayes ſerue their owne affections blinde.

Oh, ſinfull men, what meane you thus to deale
So couertly before the face of God?
Be well aſſur'd you cannot long conceale;
Be well aſſur'd you cannot ſcape his rod;
Your wretched deeds in time he will reueale,
When as your masking garments, ſo long worne,
Shall all be rent, and from your ſhoulders torne.

Your paynted vizard ſhall be pluckt away,
Wherewith ſo many here you did deceaue,
And all your curious counterfet array,
You ſhall be forc't, againſt your will, to leaue:
Thoſe purple garments, which make you ſo gay,
Shall off be pluckt, and all things elſe beſide,
And then the bare-arſt *Ape* ſhall playne be ſpide.

Sayle thou not neere this curſed wretched place,
That ſeekſt the happie Hauen for to find;
Cry out to God, and call for better grace;
Commit thy ſayles vnto a better wind;
Eſchew the looke of falſe diſſembling face:
So ſhalt thou ſooner find the Port of bliſſe,
Which curſed *Hypocrites* ſhall ſurely miſſe.

ADuaunce thy tops, hang out thy Flags abroad,
The greateſt danger thou haſt trauel'd by,
And neere thou art vnto the happy Road:
The other perils in the way that lye,
May well be paſt, and well be ouerrode:
For none doe periſh here in any place,
But ſuch as are both voyd of wit and grace.

Caſt feare away, and take a luſtie heart;
Reuiue thy ſprite with gladneſſe, and with ioy:
Cheere vp thy mind, and comfort eu'ry part;
Remoue eche griefe, that may thy ſence annoy:
For neere vnto the Hauen now thou art,
Whereas thou ſhalt th'Almightie Father ſee,
The ſpring and head of all felicitie.

Although theſe dangers hereabouts that lye,
Doe neuer hurt the godly carefull mind:
Yet for their ſafeties that ſhall trauell by,
I briefly will declare their names and kind,
That ſooner ſo they may ſuch miſchiefes flye,
And keeping ſtill the ſafe-aſſured Seas,
They may the readier find the Port of eaſe.

THe firſt, and worſt of theſe ſame dangers great,
Is *Blaſphemy*, a blacke ſin-ſpotted crime,
Which barketh ſtill againſt the heauenly ſeat,
And moſt offends the Maieſtie diuine,
With fearefull othes, ſworne out in furious heat;
Of Reprobates the moſt aſſured token,
Whereby the wrath of God is ſtill prouoken.

NExt this, hath churliſh *Cruelty* the place,
A miſchiefe that doth helliſh minds aſſayle
With gaſtly counʃnance, and death-boding face,
Whereon a number great of ſhips doe quayle,
That wanting gentle winds, all voyd of grace,
Vpon this danger haſtily doe light,
And neuer find the bliſfull Hauen bright.

THen *Hatred* ſhewes his hurtfull head aloft,
A cankred harme, contagious vnto many,
Which ouerthrowes the ſubtill Sayler oft,
And drowneth deepe the ſpightfull company;
Who while they deeme the bed of *Hatred* ſoft,
Doe reſt themſelues vpon this miſery,
Brought here aſleepe by enuious heart-ſwolne folly.

HEere *Murther*, all embrude with blood doth ſtand,
That giues vnto the eye a fearefull ſight,
On top whereof, with ſhaking ſword in hand,
Is *Fury* plac't, a terrour-threatning ſprite,
Who ſuffers none t'attayne the happy land,
That once vpon this miſchiefe haps to light,
Or is poſſeſt with murther-cauſing ſpight.

HEereby ſtands *Theft*, a deepe ſin-ſwallowing ill,
That doth allure the greedy graceleſſe mind,
Train'd vp from youth in wilfull wretched will;
And *Robbery* ſiſter to this vice by kind,
May here be ſeene about her ſwarming ſtill:
Theſe luſtie bloods that here at anker lye,
Will ſooner find a pound, then loſe a penny.

NOt farre from hence ſtands ſinfull *Sorcery*,
A miſchiefe founded by the Deuill firſt,
With Charmes, Enchantments, and *Aſtrology*,
The practiſers whereof are all accurſt.
And ioyn'd with this, ſtands *Infidelity*:
The one deemes, all things by the ſtarres are done:
The other thinkes, that all at random runne.

To this apace our learned Maſters hye,
That teach vs what ſhall happen yeare by yeare,
And what ſore plagues are threatned from the skye,
As famine, warres, and other pitious geare.
Great Clarkes (forſooth) and ſuch as ſeldome lye,
Who fayne would be eſteemed cunning men,
While as they ſteale the fruits of others pen.

---

NOw laſt of all, two dangers great appeere,
Betweene the which thou canſt not chuſe but runne.
Therefore thou muſt looke circumſpecty heere,
As other Saylers heretofore haue done.
Sayle iuſt betweene them both, ſayle not too neere
To any of them: for ſtrong the tide doth runne,
And often driues the heedeleſſe Barkes thereon.

The one of them with loſty looke doth riſe,
And ſeemes to touch the place where Saints do dwell;
All blacke the other lyes before the eyes,
The plat-forme playne, and Image right of hell.
There ſhalt thou heare continuall ſhrikes and cries
Of damned ſoules, that wofully doe yell,
Whoſe lothſome ſhapes no mortall tongue can tell.

---

*Preſumption* hath the one of theſe to name,
That makes men like their doings here too well,
The other *Deſperation* full of blame,
That throwes men headlong to the pit of hell:
Two miſchiefes great, that mans deſtruction frame.
Theſe are the hurts that in theſe Seas do lye:
Regard them well, and ſhun them warily.

REmayneth nothing for thee now behind,
But gracious marks that lead the Sayler right,
That comfort much the godly vertuous mind,
And teach them to find out the Port of light,
(The chiefeſt ſuccour for the weary ſprite.)
For who ſo runnes by theſe, ſhall neuer miſſe
The Hauen fayre of euerlaſting bliſſe.

The formoſt of theſe ſure and happy guides,
Is earneſt *Prayer*, that giues a goodly ſhow,
And keepeth ſafe the Barke from troublous tides,
That mou'd with helliſh tides, contrary flow,
In ſafety here the wandring veſſell rides.
Though deuill, world, and fleſh againſt it ſtriue,
Yet vnder ſayle it ſafely here may driue.

A thouſand happy hands may here be ſeene,
Held vp with heart vnfeyn'd vnto the skyes,
Waſht in the waters of *Repentance* cleane,
And purged pure with teares of weeping eyes:
A thouſand toungs, from minds that well do meane,
Yeeld vp to God their feruent ſuites, and cry
At morne, at noone, at night, continually.

THe next, is *Peace*, a quiet happy place,
Whereas no ſtrife nor rankour can be found.
Reſt thou thy Barke within this Road of grace,
And trauell for to touch vpon this ground.
They alwayes come to God, that runne this race,
For thoſe that here moſt peaceably remayne,
Haue dayly traffike with the heauenly raygne.

---

HEreby doth *Loue*, another beauty, ſtand,
That brings thee ſtreight vnto the Road of reſt,
And poynteth out directly with her hand,
The perfit way, by which thou mayſt be bleſt.
No harmefull Boat may euer here take land,
But onely thoſe that pleaſe th'Almighties will.
*This Loue doth all the heſts of God fulfill.*

---

NExt, *Mercy* ſtands, a vertuous work and playne,
That leadeth ſtreight vnto the bliſſefull port,
And is poſſeſſed of the heauenly trayne,
And moſt frequented of the godly ſort:
To which our Sauiour did the *Iewes* exhort,
Aſſuring thoſe that mercy ſhew'd to men,
That mercy ſhould be ſhew'd agayne to them.

---

NOt farre from hence, may *Patience* be ſeene,
The Bulwarke ſtrong againſt all iniury,
The ſoueraigne Lady, and victorious Queene,
In troubles toyles, and worldly miſery,
The buttreſſe chiefe of Chriſtianity:
By which, the ſoules of vertuous men haue ſayl'd,
That neuer yet in ſtorme or tempeſt quail'd.

---

Here

HEere liuely *Fayth* may well diſcerned be,
The Channel ſafe that leads to heauenly bliſſe,
Whereby the Fathers old attaynd to ſee
The Hauen fayre of perfit happineſſe:
This made the *Martyrs* flame in ſuch degree,
By which they knew, aſſuredly to find
The bliſſefull place conceiued in their mind.

Theſe are the marks whereby thou muſt take heed;
By theſe thou mayſt thy ſelfe in voyage guide,
If that thou ſeekeſt happily to ſpeed,
And paſſe the Flats, and ſcape the raging Tyde:
Vpon this courſe the holyeſt haue agreed:
No other way they here haue left behind,
Whereby we may the heauenly Harbour find.

Sayle therefore as the perfit courſe doth lye,
And runne the race that is to thee aſsign'd:
For whoſo runneth otherwiſe awry,
The Hauen faire of bliſſe ſhall neuer find,
But drown'd in Seas, for euermore ſhall dye:
Where they that keepe the courſe that Chriſt hath taught,
Shall vnto euerlaſting ioyes be brought.

Here would I plaine ſet out before thine eyes
This happie place, wherein thy Barke ſhall reſt,
What ſhew it hath, and in what ſort it lyes;
But that it can by no man be expreſt.
That place of ioy aboue the ſtarrie skies,
By any wit cannot be throughly ſcand,
Nor can be blaz'd by any mortall hand.

The ioyes are ſuch, as cannot here be told,
No pen can paynt, nor tongue can tell the kind,
The gorgeous ſight, that Saints ſhall here behold,
Surmounts the reach of any earthly mind,
And all the pleaſures in this world we find:
*No eye hath ſeene, nor eare hath euer heard,*
*The ioyes, that are for godly men prepar'd.*

Apply thy mind to ſeeke this happy place,
Put all thy ſtrength, and all thy force thereto;
Call vnto God continually for grace;
As Chriſt hath taught, ſeeke alwayes ſo to doe;
Set alwayes him, and his before thy face:
So thou thy ſelfe with eyes ſhalt playnely ſee,
What ioyes, what pleaſures are prepar'd for thee.

*FINIS.*

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION